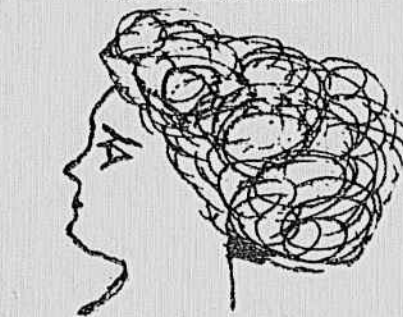
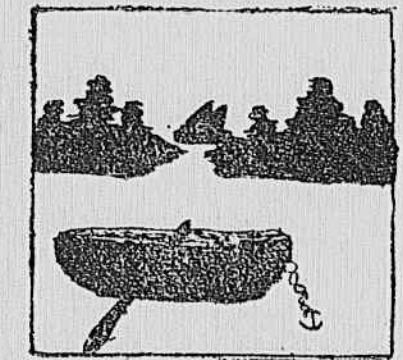


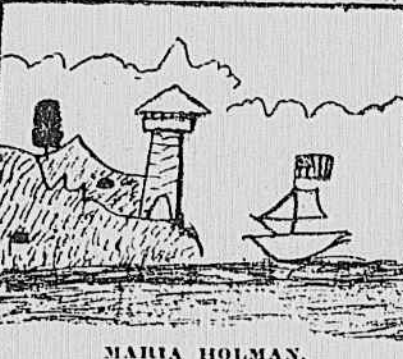
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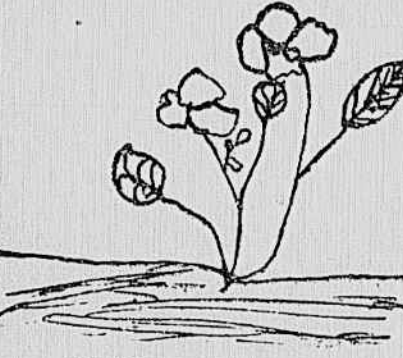
LOUISE KUHN.



THELMA SIMS.



MARIA HOLMAN.



KATHERINE B. COCKE.



WADE H. VINCENT.



EMMA A. CHADWICK.



EVELYN E. DYKE.



CRAMER MORTON.



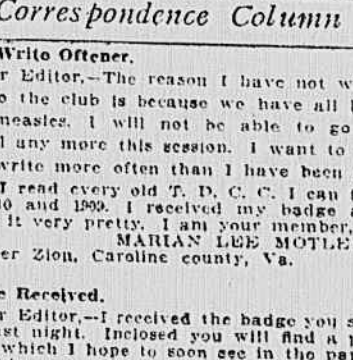
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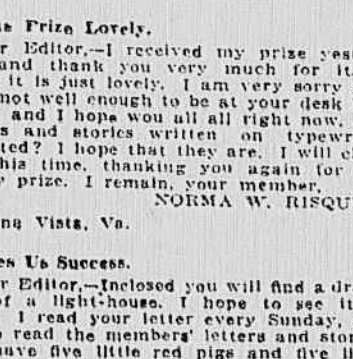
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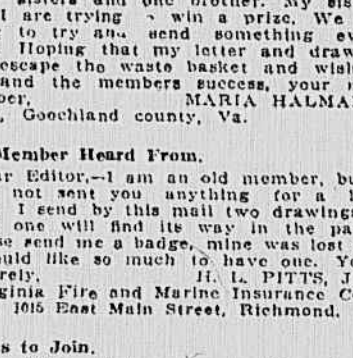
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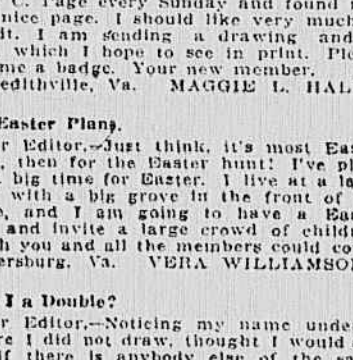
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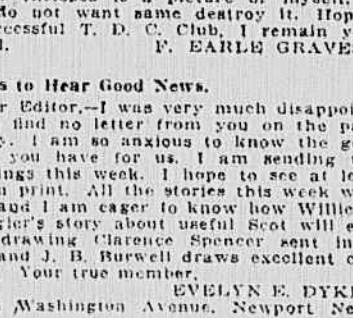
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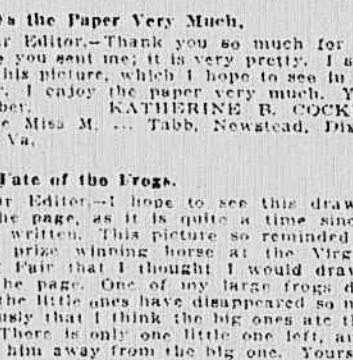
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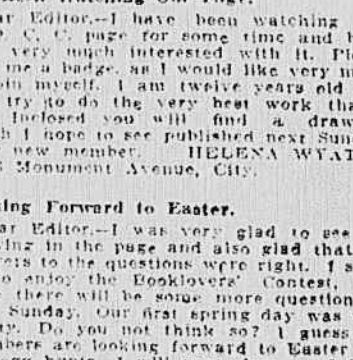
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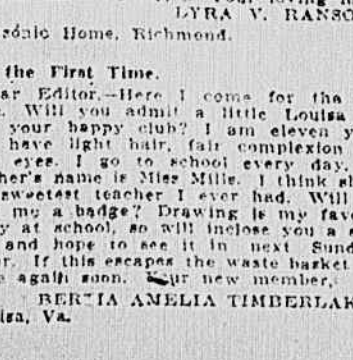
EVELYN E. DYKE.



CRAMER MORTON.



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Editorial and Literary Department

Members of Children's Club to Take Part in Exhibit

Dear Girls and Boys:

I have sent out all my prizes and medals, and am glad to know that you are no longer in arrears to you on that score.

I told you I had some good news for you. Now, this is it: There is to be held here in Richmond early in May a children's conference, in which everything that relates to the education, work and interests of children will be discussed and represented.

The Children's Club of The Times-Dispatch will have a showing at this conference. I am planning for the public to find out, through an object lesson, how you make your page, how you win prizes, medals and scholarships, and how you get books from the library. I am going to get a certain number of the graduates, numbers—Carrington Calloway, Julian T. Baber, Elizabeth Reid, Essie Cox and others—to draw some posters for the exhibit. From the best pictures sent in from today on I am going to select what will show the kind of work you do. The same rule will apply to original puzzles and neatly written manuscript for stories.

Of course, you will all do your best. We have no time to lose, so you can begin your contributions right away. People will attend the conference from every section of the United States, and you may do yourselves and your page great credit in the wish of YOUR EDITOR.

THE WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.

Miss Annie Virginia Anderson, who is asked to give her address, "Flossie Fisher's Funnies,"

Julian T. Baber, care Lynchburg News, Lynchburg, Va., for realistic drawing.

Robert Martin, 2300 West Main Street, city, for leading puzzle of "Three Famous Generals."

MEDALISTS.

January—Miss Lyra V. Ranson, Masonic Home, Va.; Curtis G. Elder, Brookland, Va.

February—Miss M. Margaret Daniel, Locust Hill, Va.; Hamilton Whyte, 211 West Clay Street, city.

March—Miss Estelle Gates, 211 Byrnes Street, Petersburg, Va.; W. R. Shands, Courtland, Va.

THE WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS.

Andrews, Jos. L. Morton, E. K. Andrews, Helen V. Morton, Cramer Morton, Annie V. Matthews, Zelotes Bray, Regie

Bowen, Gladys Martin, Robert Brown, Marion E. Murray, Connie

Chandler, Ruth Morton, Alice Coleman, G. L. Nicholas, Chas. H. Cox, Thomas A. Outland, Naomi

Coke, Anne B. Payne, Mattie Cooke, Katherine Parrish, E. Carter, Susan E. Chadwick, Emma

Dunstan, Bruce S. Potts, H. L. Jr. Potts, Evelyn E. Dyke, J. H. Jr. Elder, C. G.

Ellis, Lion A. Fowler, Gladys Fowles, Thelma Graves, E. Earle

Grady, Alice Gilliam, Mary A. Gilliam, Dorothy Hopkins, Countess

Holman, Maria L. Sutton, Ethel Holman, Alice Haden, Laura A. Hattorf, Alvin

Hall, Maggie L. Hall, Helen A. Ingalls, Gladys Jackson, Hugh

Jones, Mildred Johnson, Gerald Jones, Duckett Kuhn, Louise

Kuhn, Louise Kuhn, Maggie Lester, Margaret Lester, William, Vera

Moffet, Marian L. Williamson, M. R. Williamson, M. R.

A HERO.

Little Grace Martin had just started to school. She was eight years old, and had just gotten a new lunch box, of which she was very proud.

One day she took her lunch and went off to a little brook to eat it. She was just beginning to wish some of the other girls had come with her, when she heard a noise behind her. Startled, she turned around, but she had turned so suddenly she felt backward into the river with a cry of terror.

The noise that had startled her was her big St. Bernard dog. He saw that the child was helpless and lost no time in jumping in after her. She was senseless when he dragged her up on dry land, and she was too heavy for him to carry.

Grace was not missed until school was called in, and then no one knew where she was. Just then they heard a dog barking outside. When the door was opened one of the children recognized the dog as Grace's Bob, and they let him lead them to the child.

When she was carried home and put to bed, when she awoke the first thing she asked for was her lunch box. Bob who was over in the corner, got up and came over to the bed with the lunch box in his mouth.

Mr. Martin got a new collar for Bob and also a gold medal. On the medal is the story of Grace's hero.

DOROTHY GILLIAM.

200 South Jefferson Street, Petersburg, Va.

A TRIP TO THE COUNTRY.

Once two little girls, named Edith and Mary, were going to the country to stay a month with their cousins, Kate and May.

When they reached the country, Kate and May had come to the train to meet them.

The next day, after they had seen the things about the place, their cousins took them out to walk.

Edith walked way off in the woods, and came to a little house. They found an old lady in it who was very sick. They became friends and the little girls

saw very kind to her.

They got cool, fresh water from a spring near by and gave it to her to drink. Every morning they brought milk to her until she was well.

The old lady had this farm of her own, and she was so glad to have them help her.

Soon Edith and Mary were sent for to come home, and the lady promised to send them a pumpkin to make them a jack-o'-lantern when Halloween came.

(Original.)

RUTH CHANDLER.

518 Washington Street, Petersburg.

HAROLD'S NEW PONY.

Harold went to school. He was in the sixth grade. One day he told his mother that he wanted a pony. Then he said, "Mother, I am going to ask grandfather to give me a pony."

So he went to find his grandfather and told him about it. His grandfather said if he would be good he would give him one. Harold said, "That is all you can do for me." "That is all you can do for me," said his mother about it. His mother said, "Well, son, you must be good."

June came and school closed. The last day they gave out the distinction cards and reports. Harold's name was called first for a distinction card. Everybody clapped, for Harold had told his grandfather's promise.

Harold ran home and told his grandfather and his mother about it. They were all happy.

The next week Harold had his pony. He went out to ride and had a fine time. Everybody looked at him. He was so glad to have his pony.

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Her mother looked at her and said,

"That's what you get for always butting in from people's conversations. I am sorry my little Elsie had no better manners than that."

Composed by

GLADYS INGALLS.

Age eleven.

504 Barton Avenue, Barton Heights, Richmond, Va.

This story is a colored man's talk.

THAT LAZY BOY BOB.

"Mother, I will stand this no longer; he has got to go to work," said the angry brother.

"But, Horace, do be calm; you must remember he is not as old as you, and it is true you attend school, but otherwise he does as much as you. Now, please don't have any fuss, for here he comes," his mother replied.

Robert did not enter with a quiet step, but was a rather slow step for a boy as young as he was. He was rather tall. His shoulders were very round, and he wore eyeglasses, and, altogether, he bore the appearance of a student.

His steps were directed to the sofa, upon which he threw himself lazily. "I believe I will read a little," he remarked half to himself and half aloud, reaching for a book. But he said it loud enough, for his older brother heard him and said with a sneer:

"That's right, lie down and read the entire evening, and let your poor mother sew to support you, you lazy thing!"

Robert did not remove his eyes from his book, and the silence on his part made his brother angrier than before. "Horace," commanded his mother, "let him alone; all I hear from morning until night is fussing, fussing, fussing."

Robert ignored the dinner bell, as he did not care to leave his book; and when he came to the dinner table they had finished dinner. At the table Robert remarked: "Mother, I forgot to tell you—"

"Wonder you don't forget you are alive," replied Horace, who had lingered at the table and who was fond of fussing.

"Well, mother, you know there is a show in the village, and the only hotel there is full, and they asked me to see if you would take them. They said they would pay whatever board you asked," continued Robert.

"This is no gathering place for theatrical people," interrupted Horace, who was disgusted at the idea.

Mrs. Williams decided, nevertheless, that she would take the show people as boarders, and the new boarders came that evening. Robert told his mother at the time of the week in secrecy that he was the author of the book from which the play was taken.

The company—their boarders—was performing at the village theatre. His mother was delighted and wished to tell the good news to her neighbors—for all mothers like to brag on their sons—but Robert said no; and he still considered "that lazy boy Bob," but his mother knows better and he doesn't care.

Composed by

HAMILTON WHYTE.

214 West Clay Street, city.

MY TRIP TO THE COUNTRY.

I was visiting a little friend of mine in Lake City, South Carolina, whose father runs a warehouse there. He had an old friend who always sold tobacco with him. My old friend, Ida Hall, and I called him grandpa. He lived twenty-five miles in the country.

He brought tobacco to town one day and we decided to go with him home. We started early one morning and got there that night.

Such a time as we had on that twenty-five-mile trip in an old covered wagon. We took our dinner and supper with us, and, of course, we were eating all the time.

"We were so tired and sleepy we slept good that night. Ida and I were delighted the next morning to get to the grape arbor. And such a pretty grove to play in."

We enjoyed the days fine, but when night came we were both homesick and were glad when our three nights were out so we could start home.

We left grandpa's about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and reached home about 10 the next morning. We traveled all night on a load of tobacco, and I think of it as a very pleasant trip.

So we just had to sit up and nod a little.

We had lots of fun coming back. We had plenty of good things to eat, and grandpa had his big bottle of coffee, which had no sugar in it, and insisted so much on Ida and I drinking some, we had to do it.

CHARLIE HOPE NICHOLAS.

Age nine years.

Virginia, Va.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S TOAST.

At the conclusion of the Revolutionary War, Dr. Franklin, the English ambassador, and the French minister, Vergennes, dining together at Versailles, each gave a toast.

The British minister began with "George III., who, like the sun in its meridian, spreads a lustre throughout and enlightens the world." The French minister followed with "The illustrious Louis XVI., who, like the moon, sheds his mild and benignant rays on, and influences the globe."

Our American Franklin then gave, "George Washington, commander of the armies armies, who, like Joshua of old, commanded the sun and moon to stand still, and they obeyed him."

(Selected.)

BOOKLOVERS' CONTEST.

The first question in the Booklovers' Contest will be found in Arabian Nights in "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves." The y/rds he spoke were "open sesame." The man's name was Ali Baba.

William F. Cooper wrote the "Leatherstocking" series.

GLADYS BARROW.

Age eleven.

504 Barton Avenue, Barton Heights, Richmond, Va.

This story is a colored man's talk.

THAT LAZY BOY BOB.



H. L. PITTS, JR.



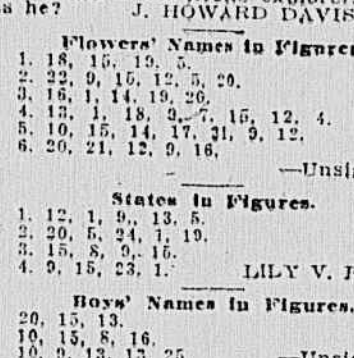
GRACIE E. PERROSS.



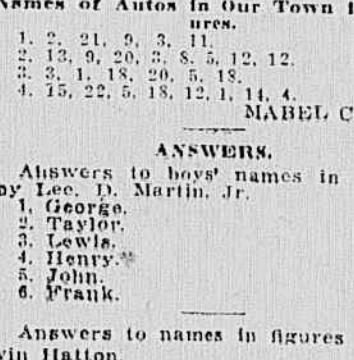
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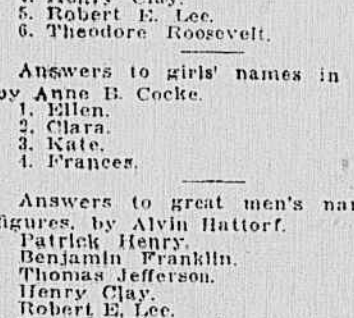
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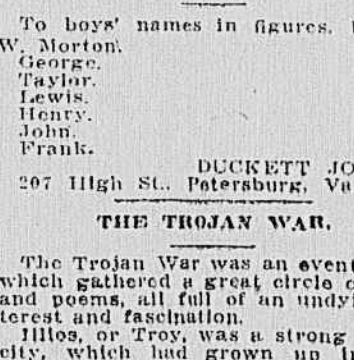
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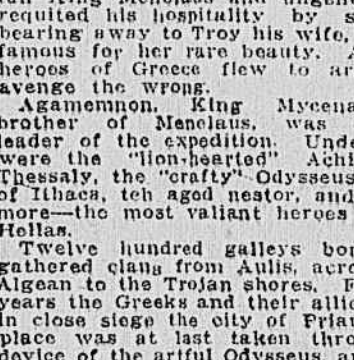
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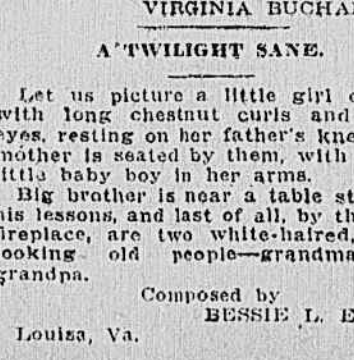
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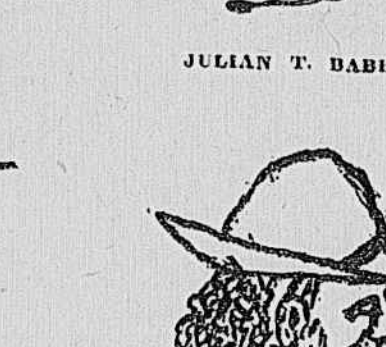
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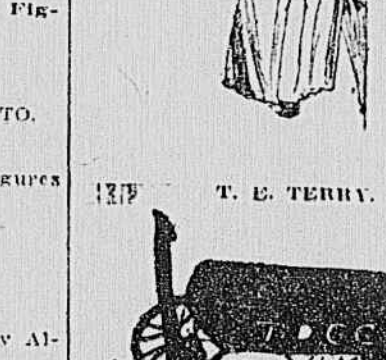
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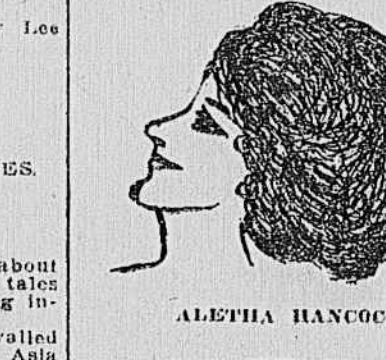
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